

THE Daily Mirror.

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WEATHER—Showers tonight and probably Friday; probably warmer tonight.

This may be a Sane Fourth, but if so, it is not apparent.

An Alabama bard is singing of the "Poetry of Prunes." As a rule, bards are full of both poetry and prunes.

This is the day when a boy's popularity with his playmates depends entirely upon the number of firecrackers he has.

John D. Rockefeller's barber is worth \$100,000. If he had succeeded in making John D.'s hair grow, he would probably have been worth a million.

If, as Mr. Tillman thinks, Mr. Harriman is bound for the infernal regions, wonder if he can carry enough water with him to put out the fire?

John D. Rockefeller was located in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. How much more appropriate it would have been to overtake him in Pittsburg.

If Mr. Roosevelt ever has anything to say about the fish prevaricators, we know of a Princeton man who will call on Webster's dictionary for an overwhelming reply.

A Detroit man who was trying to support three families has just been declared a bankrupt. In view of the cost of living, it is a wonder he was not also declared insane.

"If dollar wheat makes \$6 flour" asks the St. Albans Messenger "where does the great public benefit come in?" Why the public has less trouble getting rid of its money of course. Ask us another.

"More man knows one seven-billionth of one per cent about anything" says Thomas Edison. Still, there is George Bernard Shaw to whom we may turn when in doubt. He knows the rest of it.

The deputy marshal who worked the ruse by which service was secured on Rockefeller, stands a very good chance of securing a job with the Standard Oil company. Rockie old boy can use such men.

An incoming ship recently unloaded ten tons of Limburger cheese in San Francisco. If there is any city in the United States where the presence of such a cargo will not be especially noticeable, that is the one.

If the signers of the declaration of independence could see the young men walking around today puncturing the atmosphere with blank cartridge shots, they would probably be more than glad they signed the document.

A man inserted an "ad" for a wife in the Chattanooga Star and because he secured one the next day, the paper announces with a great flourish that "advertising pays." We shall await the post-nuptial statement of the defendant before rendering final judgment.

CELEBRATION GOODS

FOR THE 4th

C. G. Wiant

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER
The House of Post Cards.

The veto of the two-cent fare bill by Governor Hughes, was a great shock to the people of the Empire State. It was fondly hoped and believed that he was free from "corporate influence." But his veto of the bill to give 2-cent rate to passengers within the State of New York, shows that he is merely a "corporate tool" as Mr. Hearst declared last fall. The reason that the Governor assigns for his vote is the veriest "rot." He says that the matter had no legislative inquiry or investigation. Has not Ohio and other great states been enjoying such a law for years, and the railroads of Ohio, and the other states show no signs of going into bankruptcy. If Governor Hughes ever had the presidential beet buzzing in his bonnet, he might as well bid him adieu.

What Others Say.

A GREAT LIFE ENDED.

Francis Murphy, orator, reformer and apostle of gospel temperance passed away from a long and useful life at Los Angeles. So is terminated a career, sharp in its contrasts, remarkable in its effect on his fellow men and notable for the striking powers displayed in the prosecution of its mission.

Few men in history have shown such a wide and almost inexplicable difference between the first part of their lives and their later achievements. At the start Mr. Murphy was of obscure position, with comparatively slight education and in early manhood was further lowered by dissipation. But being converted and reformed he conceived the purpose of raising other men who had been brought low by drink. It so befell that Pittsburg was the place where the fulfillment of that mission developed such magnitude as to rank him with Father Mathew. In his devotion to that work in enthusiasm, magnetism and oratorical force were demonstrated such as have rarely been equaled. In the saving of men from their lost condition by the power of Christian sympathy and aid he marked out a course in which he was the acknowledged leader, and achieved results that were sensational in their extent.

It has been said that he who rescues one man from degradation is a benefactor. What then shall be said of one whose life work registered the raising of tens of thousands from the lowest depths and setting them upon the road to useful and honorable citizenship? When we seek to estimate the inestimable value of human lives elevated from the depths to uprightness and sobriety it is seen to be a modest claim that Francis Murphy, by force of his zeal and devotion, conferred greater benefits on his generation than any other man of his time. In that era inventions have revolutionized society and enterprise multiplied industry and wealth. But no change has been so great, nor could any be conceived of higher value, than the conversion of men who seemed like the dregs of society to uprightness and Christianity.

This is what Francis Murphy did on a scale which almost surpassed computation. His old age was spent in dignified and worthy retirement in California. His children have earned eminence and honor. His ending is accompanied by the sympathy and love of those whom he aided and of all who had occasion to know the great work which he did.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

In the archives of the Pennsylvania Railroad is a letter from James Buchanan, then President of the United States dated March 24, 1859, returning a free ticket on the Northern Central Railroad, acknowledging the courtesy in polite terms, and stating that it had been the practice of his life not to travel free on any railroad, being opposed as he was to the whole system of granting such privileges to individuals not connected with the roads. This was nearly 50 years ago. It shows that issuing railroad passes is not a new thing, though in the time of James Buchanan the railroad system was insignificant in comparison with that of the present and free transportation was a rare boon, and a good deal in the nature of an honor to the person receiving it. The propriety of asking for or accepting transportation as a present was not questioned. It was merely an incident of the transportation business. It grew gradually, and then rapidly, until a leading railroad organization would have a pass bureau requiring the services of a large number of clerks, and much expense for printing. Callers at a railroad office who might happen into the pass bureau generally came away wondering how the management made both ends meet.

The pass system, held in reasonable bounds, would have been a success. It was to a large extent, a reciprocal business arrangement.

Its worst feature was the encouragement it gave to corrupt legislators to sell out. The absence of free tickets as recognition of value, legitimate services rendered to the transportation companies is now almost an embarrassment to all parties in many instances; but as the system went, it was no doubt the best proceeding to wipe it out completely.

In a "real heart to heart talk," however, the intelligent railroad manager would hold that the pass was not an unmixed evil. It had many legitimate uses and was convenient and many of the transportation officials would be glad if it could be restored in a modified form. But it appears to be gone, and the major testimony is against it. "Pay as you go" is a good motto, and the currency of the realm is a good enough medium of exchange between the transportation agency and the traveler. Then if the railroad people owe anybody anything, let the indebtedness be canceled in the same way. There is less suspicion about the direct method, less temptation to lying and cheating, a great sustenance of the admirable quality of independence. To have a "pull" for passes used to be a greater affliction than to have an army of office seekers on hand in Washington burdening your "influence" with the department.—Enquirer.

A PERTINENT ILLUSTRATION.

A recent swindle unearthed in Montreal, Canada, consisted in sending letters abroad through the United States as well as Canada stating that a four-piece set of silverware was offered for 97 cents, the object stated to be "to introduce the goods," and the 97 cents being "to cover the cost of packing and shipping." "The silverware" consisted of toy articles worth about a dime. When the Montreal office of this enterprise was raided, 2,596 letters were found, in each of which 97 cents had been transmitted.

Of course, this is an illustration of the liability of the popular gaudium to swallow the hook. As the New York Sun says in commenting on it that liability extends from "silverware swindlers to mining gamblers, over-capitalized corporations and South Sea bubbles." The Sun also mentions the Credit Mobilier which is an inaccuracy. The Credit Mobilier did not swindle the people who put their money in it. It paid them three for one, in some cases where no money was put in. What it did was to saddle a lot of fictitious stock on the railroad that it undertook to construct. But the Sun goes on:

From the Rooseveltian point of view, there should be a law prohibiting the sale of a "pig in a police" or shares in a railway about which the public is not fully informed. There is already in existence a rule of ordinary common sense which should keep all people from buying bricks in hope that they are made of gold. It is the violation of this rule that makes the trouble in the stock market as well as in the field of 97-cent silverware.

We are not aware of any utterance of President Roosevelt advancing that theory. Certainly, the view of the great mass of those who wish railroad abuses reformed is more rational. It is that when investors have been humbugged into buying fiat stocks the establishment of "a reasonable rate" cannot be stretched to allow the rates to be enlarged so as to reimburse the stockholders in the amount of which they permitted themselves to be humbugged.

Low French Birth Rate.

The lowest birth rate is possessed by France, the births only averaging 21 a 1,000 of the population, and when the fact that its death rate is as high as 19.6 a 1,000 is considered the small increase in the total population shown above is explained.

ONE OF WOMEN'S CHARMS.

Sense of Reserve Said to Add Much to Attractiveness.

A woman, especially to be attractive, must preserve a sense of reserve; she must, so to speak, keep up a certain amount of mystery about herself. There is a folklore tale of a woman who, finding her married life unhappy, went to a white witch for a charm against the trouble. She received a flask filled with a colorless liquid, which she was directed to take and hold in her mouth whenever she was disposed to quarrel with her husband. She obeyed directions, and, delighted with the effect of the charm, went back to the witch for a fresh supply when that was exhausted. "The liquid was merely water," said the wise woman. "The virtue of the remedy consists simply in holding your tongue in keeping back angry answers." To adopt the rule, says Woman's Life, once given to a gushing girl by a friend who knew the world. "Never speak of yourself, and never say anything which is uncalled for." would at first seem likely to make Trappists of all the world; yet it is to be questioned whether, after all, the advice was not wise. There always are people who like to talk, whose favor is to be won by interested listening, and good listeners are rare.

CHANCE FOR A HOME-RUN.

Schoolboy's Comment on Absence of Attraction of Gravitation.

A clever teacher, who has the power of calling out originality in her pupils, says that she would have no use for text books if she took time to answer all the startling questions asked in the classroom. One day the attraction of gravitation was under discussion, when one of the boys said that he didn't see any need of it, anyway. "It seems to me," said he, "there's no particular use in having the earth attract things. Now, when the apple fell, and made Newton think out the reason for it, that apple might just as well have stayed where it was until somebody gathered it." "You play ball, don't you?" asked the teacher. "Well, suppose you knock the ball very high, what happens?" "It falls." "But if there were no attraction towards the earth, it wouldn't fall. Don't you think that might prove inconvenient?" "My!" cried the boy; "what a bully chance for a home-run!"

The World, His Oyster.

The novelist of to-day has one great advantage over his fellow of half a century ago. The telegraph, the newspaper and the illustrated weeklies and magazines have opened up the whole world to him and made it contributory to his talent. He can go to the uttermost points of the earth and the knowledge of the reader has preceded him. It acts as a flip to the imagination; it certifies the correctness of the description; it adds always to the interest. The minute a place is mentioned, the mind of the reader gets at work and thus reinforces the novelist in a most vital point, that of atmosphere.

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FORMER GOVERNOR JAMES H. PEABODY.

James H. Peabody, who was governor of Colorado during 1903 and 1904, became widely known because of the labor war in the mining districts with which he had to deal. Harry Orchard has testified in the Haywood murder trial that he was employed by officials of the Western Federation of Miners to kill Governor Peabody and made several attempts, but could not find a favorable opportunity. The ex-governor is a native of Vermont.

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RIVER MADE HIM INSURE.

Got Tired of Falling Into Water and Sought Protection.

One of our men selling insurance tells of an instance where a special manifestation and a moving of the spirit and the flesh were necessary to make a New Madrid man take out a policy, says an insurance man in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He had a place on the river bank below the town. His little shack was perched on a bluff which jutted far out over the water. There had been a good many landlides down there, caused by the disintegration of the bank. The agent sighted the shack the first thing when he made the town and that afternoon he went up there to talk business. There was nothing doing. The old fellow was a fatalist and he didn't believe in insurance. "I go as the spirit moves me," he said, solemnly. "The agent was persistent. 'You might fall in the river some day,' he said. 'Well, I tell you all, honey, I ain't never fell in yet. When I've one fell in you can come around and see me.' Five months later the agent made the town again. He sighted the shack, but it wasn't where it had been. It was a mile or so back from the bluff. But the man who lived there was waiting at the gang-plank. He grabbed the agent's hand and said: 'I thought maybe you was on the boat and I came down to wait for you all.' Guess an awkward pause he added: 'I guess maybe I'll take that policy. I've done fell in three times. You'd better put a policy on the shack, too. I'm tired of fishin' it outen the river an' totin' it up the hill.'"

HER SENSE OF COLOR.

It Was a Happy Match and She Wanted Harmony Complete.

"Twas the first day of the honeymoon, which the happy young couple were spending at one of the quietest of seaside places, and the extent of their beatitude was immeasurable. He made it his duty that her every wish should be his; and, like a loyal little woman, she paid him back in his own coin, so that their life sped on as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. "John, dear," said the sweet little woman to her husband one day, "do me a favor to-night?" "With the greatest pleasure, love," was his instant reply. "What is it?" "I wish, darling," went on his bride, "that you would put on your red necktie for dinner." For the first time John winced, for that particular necktie, the gift of his mother-in-law, was the one trial of his flesh. "Wh—why, dearest?" he queried. "O, do, John, you to wear it. You see, I have just found out from the menu that we are to have radishes, tomatoes, strawberries and claret!"—Stray Stories.

Better Than the Mule.

At a dinner the other night little Algy offered a toast to women. Said Algy: Here's to woman, beautiful, fascinating woman. Made after man, and has been after him ever since. Ha! Ha! "And here's to man," responded the ingenious debutante. "Man is the paragon of animals. On his own ground he surpasses the lion in magnanimity, the fox in acumen, the parrot in wit, the monkey in versatility, the ant in thrift, the spider in all that goes to make it a valued member of society. Briefly, man is more of a success than the mule." She vowed that, inspired by Algy, she made it up right off the wheel. At any rate, none of the other women present has as yet lauded it either in the ladies' home journals or "Heart to Heart Talks with Women," so maybe she did. She is clever enough about other things, dear knows.

"Nothing Doing."

"Nothing doing!" Is that slang? I thought it was until last night, when I came upon the words in Dickens' "Dombey & Son." In chapter IV., old Sol Gills is explaining to his nephew Walter why the shop must be closed and the business abandoned. "You see, Walter," said he, "in truth this business is merely a habit with me. I am so accustomed to the habit that I could hardly live if I relinquished it; but there's nothing doing, nothing doing." So, you see, the phrase had its pathetic fitness half a century ago, and is not slang at all.—Watson's Weekly Jeffersonian.

Intensive Cultivation.

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Excursion season opens as follows:

On and after June 9th tickets will be on sale Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays for Cedar Point. On and after June 16th, Lake Side, Kelly's Isle and Pe-in Bay. On and after July 3rd for Johnson's Lake.

The new train for Chicago Port Wayne, Lima and Upper Sandusky leaves Marion at 12:49 p. m. arrive at Chicago 8:45 p. m., connecting with all points West.